

## **The Hunt. by Pale\_Goblin**

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**Summary:**

Steve found his new victim, he spends the night watching him closely but things didn't go how they should.

## **The Hunt.**

### **Author's Note:**

Trigger warning: Stalking.

Steve had felt that itch, the burning ache in the back of his skull that spread down his spine over a few days. The feeling hunters get when they find something to hunt. The feeling of being on edge as they quietly stalk their prey.

Steve had seen him, just his type, someone who needed to be knocked down a peg from their high horse. Steve grabbed his glass of whiskey, moving it to play with the ball of ice in the liquid, trying to act like he wasn't eyeing the man across the bar. Curly blonde locks that bounced as he laughed with his dumb-ass friends.

He was better than them, smarter and prettier. Steve didn't understand why people like him hung out with such losers when they could have whoever they wanted. Steve noticed that one of the blonde's friends pointed him out, probably because Steve had been here three nights in a row hunting.

"He's been eyeing you all night." The friend stated, hitting the blonde with his shoulder in a drunk playful matter which annoyed Steve to no end. "He looks rich; maybe this is the sugar daddy you have been looking for."

Steve was well dressed in a three-piece suit, his hair perfectly placed from hours of grooming. He needed to look normal, hide along with the masses of people so he could hunt better. A sheep in wolf's clothing, if you will, but he was no sugar daddy.

Steve took a long draw from his glass, looking at the orb of ice again as it melted from the warmth of his hand. Once he looked up, he locked eyes with his prey, his tongue poking out between his teeth as he flicked the ashes of his cigarette into the crystal bowl in front of him. The clouded anger in the blue of the man's eyes aroused him, broken, just his type.

Steve pulled out his wallet with a smirk, dropping money on the counter before standing up and grabbing his jacket hanging behind his chair. It was his cue to leave.

Steve only meant to watch, to understand his day-to-day activities and nothing more, nothing less. He needed to find the perfect time to

grab him, what day was easiest. Steve already knew he wouldn't be overly missed, broken home, dead mother.

"Billy, go!" the blonde's friend pushed him off his chair, rushing him to go talk to Steve before he left. This is not a great idea; it was too early in their games for that. Steve put his Jacket on quickly, trying to beat the clock of this pretty boy getting to him.

"Hey," Billy leaned on the chair beside Steve, his voice dripping with charm. "Do you come here often?"

Fuck,

Steve fixed the collar of his jacket. "Only when I'm looking for a good time," Steve smiled back, trying to mimic Billy's tone. "Do you come here often, Billy Hargrove?" Steve watched the man's face change with confusion. Of course, Steve knew who he was; Steve knew everyone who came in and out of town because of his job.

"You know who I am?" Billy mumbled, getting closer to Steve, which took every part of the rich man's body to not grab him and pin him to the counter. He smelled amazing, like beer and sweat.

"I know everyone in town, even the drifters." Steve gave another light smile, looking to Billy's friend, who waved. "Staying in town long?" He asked even though he knew the answer. Billy had a bus ticket back to California in a few days leaving Steve with very little time.

Billy looked at his feet, laughing nervously. "Are you fucking with me?"

The swearing that came out of Billy's mouth made the burning in his neck get hotter, the aching, but he couldn't be too quick that would get him caught.

Steve shook his head. "No, I just work in tourism; sorry," Steve laughed, pulling his business card out of his jacket pocket. "Steve Harrington,"

Billy smirked, grabbing Steve's card like it was a win in his books. It would be if it weren't a fake work number and Steve worked for that company. "So, You want to get out of here..." Billy looked at the name on the card "...Steve?"

Steve used those few moments to remember the shape of Billy's jaw the way he licked his lips often. Honestly, Steve was having such a hard time holding back. "Sorry, I have work in the morning--"

"Your car then?" Billy followed up by making Steve take a sharp breath as Billy's hand moved onto Steve's arm. "You said you were here for a good time."

Fuck. FUCK.

Steve nervously laughed, knowing he wouldn't hold back anymore; Billy was coming home with him.

"Okay."